

THE BEE.

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All communications pertaining to business must be addressed to the Business Manager. Matter for publication and on private business must be addressed to the Editor and Proprietor. In conjunction with the Bee, the managers have established a News Bureau of the colored press. We are prepared to furnish biographies, special correspondence and news items at a reasonable price. The object of the bureau is to furnish colored journals with special Washington letters when they have no special correspondents. We have some of the best writers in the country connected with the bureau, which will enable us to furnish truthful, spicy and concise correspondence. Give the News Bureau a call.

MAD ABOUT IT YET.

We might write a nice little story if we had time entitled "Stung by the Bee or the Old Man's Revenge," but life is too short and our readers must excuse us. However, to make a long story short we will say that during the last campaign Hon. Robert Purvis and his son, Dr. C. B. Purvis, went over to the Independents—yes went back on the Republican party by which they were set free and comfortably fed and stowed away into fat offices. They not only did that but they sat and heard the sacred name of Abraham Lincoln abused and hurrahed at its denunciation, and by speech and action sanctioned the vile aspersions against the immortal Lincoln and the Republican party. When we heard of this together with their efforts to defeat the re-election of the Hon. George M. Robeson to Congress, we said just what we thought and think now that they are ungrateful to the Republican party and enemies to the negro race, and should not be allowed to hold office under Republicans or words to that effect. For saying those things we have been arrested for libel, on a warrant sworn out by Hon. Robert Purvis, and our case sent to the Grand Jury. Now, then should the Grand Jury find a truthbill there will be fun, for the developments at the trial will be better than a circus. We are worse than a run-away horse when we get started, and we propose to show Brother Purvis that he has woke up the wrong passenger, and that this is not the way to get even with the Hon. Frederick Douglass, who is the real object of his malice, that he can't strike Mr. Douglass by hitting over our shoulders. Why not shoot at the game he desires to bring down and carry into the Independent camp. If Mr. Douglass darts at the Independents have struck him, why don't he come out in bold and open warfare? Why not

"Beard the Lion in his den
The Douglas in his hole."

But if on the other hand he is wild and excited, and has allowed a little thing like that to get around his heart, if he is truly mad with the Republican press and with us as a part of that press for what we have said about him and desires to stifle us, we say unto him—yes, verily we say unto him to go ahead and do his worst. But before he gets through we will venture to say he will find out he is barking up the wrong tree, for when the poor man's mouth is closed.

"What then remains? The liberty of the press only—that sacred palladium, which no influence, no power, no minister, no government, which nothing but the depravity or folly or corruption of a jury can ever destroy. And what calamities are the people saved from by having this public communication left open to them? I will tell you, gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the government is saved from, I will tell you also to what both are exposed by shutting up that communication. In one case sedition speaks aloud, and walks abroad; the demagogue goes forth—the public eye is upon him—he frets his busy hour upon the stage, but soon either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment bears him down, or drives him off, and he appears no more. * * * I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of the State, that grand detector of public imposture."

We are aware of the ambiguous construction of the law, and know that it has occasionally been widely stretched by some small courts, but we will dare to trust ourselves before them, for we get our ideas of American liberty from that purest fountain of freedom, the constitution of the United States of America, and by it we shall ever live as freemen, the courts to the contrary notwithstanding.

MR. JORGENSEN

The Congressman from the Fourth District of Virginia, will retire from Congress, with the very best wishes of the Republican masses of Virginia, and especially the good wishes of the colored people. Mr. Jorgensen has never attempted speaking or making a noise on the floor, but for real work and efficiency, he has made his mark, and to-day he is regarded as among the most useful and serviceable members.

He has always stood by his friends and kept his promises. He leaves Congress with clean hands and a clear record for integrity and forbearance to duty.

LOOKING FOR THE LIBEL.

When the BEE was in court on Wednesday, and while his honor Judge Snell was reading a copy of the BEE, and after having completed its reading the judge looked up and asked where the libel part was. Some of the bystanders in an undertone remarked, it has gone to wait until the "clouds roll" by.

WHO ARE THEY?

Next week we intend to give our views at length about the host of money-lenders and their unjust actions, together with their victims—who they are and what they pay—the difference between white and colored brokers. The different department clerks who do a brokers business and claim to be lending for chiefs of bureaus, divisions &c., so as to fool their debtors.

SHORT BUT PRETTY.

The latest nursery story is very short but it is true. It runs thus: Once upon a time there was an old man who got stung by the BEE, and he ran all the way home to his son, who is a doctor (?) to get him to draw the stinger, but the Doctor (?) could do nothing without his legal instruments. Everybody pitied the old man who couldn't stand a little thing like that and said his son must be a poor Doctor if he could not cure a BEE sting.—Moral: Little boys, if you do not want to get stung you must keep your hands off our Republican BEE hive, and especially when its making honey for such fine gentlemen as ex-Secretary Robeson.

THE COLORED INDEPENDENTS.

During the political campaign of 1882, this paper took strong ground in favor of that kind of Republicanism, led in Pennsylvania by Senator Don Cameron, and in New Jersey by Hon. George M. Robeson. Our idea was to protect, defend and save the great principles of true Republicanism, and we endeavored to the best of our ability, and with all the honest patriotism that we possessed to have George Beaver, the wounded soldier hero, candidate for Governor in Pennsylvania, and that staunch unswerving friend of the negro and human rights, George M. Robeson, of New Jersey, elected to Congress. We fought the black traitors in Pennsylvania from the word go, and when they with others, we mean the so-called "Independent colored men," made it their business to carry their paid hireling Democratic tactics over into New Jersey; then we opened the fire with freshness. We treated them just as all traitors to their race, or political principles should be treated. We held them up to the contemptuous scorn of the public. Our stabs have not been as deep as a well, or as wide as thesea, but they have done their work.

Some of those we handled without gloves, and showed up in their true colors, have had us brought into court for criminal libel. We appeared at Judge Snell's last Wednesday, and furnished bond for our re-appearance when the Grand Jury of the criminal court shall indict us for criminal libel? And we promise then and there to appear and make good our every word and statement and more too besides, that will, when we are fully heard, caused some one to cry out "stand from under."

This is a Republican paper in principle, and when any man or set of men undertake to tear down the Republican party, we intend most respectfully, notwithstanding any threats from whatever source, to open with all our might upon all such enemies to the party and traitors to the race that we are not ashamed to belong to. Let the ball go on.

"We must make an issue for 1884. A united stand for a Cabinet portfolio; no whitewash business wanted, but a united stand for recognition."—Bee.

"We still believe the President means to do what is right, and will wait a little longer before we join in the chorus."—Bee.

Consistency, thou art a jewel, but thou hast never surprised the editor of the BEE, shall we wait or make a stand for '84? Why not wait until 1884? Oh, no! the BEE editor might be dead, you know. We gently suggest that the word "portfolio" be changed to "photograph." Let's all stand for a Cabinet photograph in '84—more likely to get it, you know.—Afro-American.

Should we be dead, Bro. Afro, we know, that we shall leave behind us our ideal race, the Afro-American. The Afro-American suggests a "photograph" Cabinet Portfolio as we would be more likely to get it, undoubtedly our esteem contemporary is justifying, with a strong chorus, with the Afro-American as basso-profundo, we would accomplish the desired end.

How do the colored Independent Republicans in Pennsylvania, those that assisted in the defeat of the soldier hero candidate Gen. Beaver, for the young state rights, out and out Southern sympathizing candidate, Mr. Patterson, feel now? In the language of the man who was promised something to vote a certain way. What's in it?

WE wonder if the President ever dreams that there are thousands of Democrats in office whose places would fit Republicans better,

FORTUNE LIES.

The *Cairo Gazette* is indignant at the work done by the Colored Press Association which met in Washington—a meeting which really accomplished nothing more than the election of a President who was not at the time, nor is now, the editor of any newspaper. Some of our contemporaries want the next association to outline and adopt a political course to be pursued by the press. We think the adoption of any such course would be impolitic, if not impossible. The colored press should not be made a machine; it should be as unfettered as the wind of March. The editor of the *Globe* would abide the dictum of no man or combination of men. He must be absolutely free to condemn or applaud, as the interests of the people, at the time, dictate. Further than the interchange of thought, the strengthening of fraternal friendship, the raising of "points of order," and the reading of well prepared essays, the Colored Press Association serves no definite or beneficial influence. It is purely a fraternal association of men who are fond of their calling, of each other, and of good eating or drinking.—*New York Globe*.

Keep your independent course Bro. Fortune, don't let press conventions lead (?) Since reading the last issue of the Washington BEE, we smell something that seems to be rotten in Denmark.—*The Cairo Gazette*.

[From the Washington Bee.]

The independent colored press of the country speak out in bold terms and with one accord charge that the President has systematically ignored the colored people by refusing to tender to a single colored man a representative place, or to listen to the voices of Douglass, Lynch, Bruce or Pinchback, or any other representative colored man. We still believe the President means to do what is right, and will wait a little longer before we join in the chorus. But we beg leave to respectfully remind President Arthur that the time is at hand for him to do something proper for the ever faithful allies.—*Cairo Gazette*.

The pretended conference of Virginia colored men, that is called to assemble in this city during this month, ought to have been called to meet in the State. State affairs should be settled in the State, and outside interference should be regarded as an intrusion. When the conference does meet in this city, there will be found in attendance full of mouth and gab, a lot of old political and broken-down society hawks that will have much to say about Virginia politics, but who have no earthly interest there and whose only claim will be, "I am a Virginian." Let the live men who give tone to politics in Virginia meet in Virginia and discuss their matters over. Stay away from this city, it is not the place for a conference of the kind Virginians by their circular seek to need, and it will turn to ashes just as sure as it convenes in this city.

THERE are a few negroes in this city who fancy that with their little money—a few pennies so to speak—they can shake the solid world from off its axis and drop it into hades. But they are fools for so thinking for the average man cares no more about such common negroes than he does about who killed Cock Robin.

THE BEE contains a letter from Charleston rebuking Editor Tanner for repining because the white element was not at the late Douglass banquet. We should like to read Editor Tanner's reply.—*The Peoples Defense*.

THE BEE had upwards of ten bondsmen at the court on Wednesday; we accepted with many thanks and appreciation. Mr. W. D. Chapman, a wealthy colored citizen of this city, and a member of Company B, Capitol City Guards.

If the Republican party can find nothing else to do but all another hours' work on the poor government employee, truly it is out of a job and its mission is most ended.

The days of President Arthur's administration are getting beautifully less, but as yet he has found no one to share the joys of the White House with him.

The civil service bill was bad enough but this eight hour business is worse.

"If you say that I am an Independent I shall arrest you for libel."

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.

Much could be said in behalf of Wm. Benjamin Tolines, the chairman of the house of officers of the Mount Carmel Baptist Church, under whose management the entertainment was given at the Church, January 30th and 31st, 1882, and February 1st and 2nd, 1883. The entertainment was a success. There were several prizes given away for selling the highest number of tickets; also a gold headed cane voted for.

The first prize a gold match to Miss Maria Jelt.
Second prize a gold necklace, to Mrs. Julia Plummer.
Third prize a barrel of flour, to Miss Mary Harry.

The cane was voted for, the ballot as follows:
Rev. Wm. J. Walker, 4; Rev. Wm. Gibbons, 6; Rev. Robert J. Daniels; Rev. Wm. H. Brooks, 5; Rev. H. V. Plummer, 130. W. Wossing, total 149.

The report of the balloting made by the following named committee, Mr. John H. Moore, Mr. Peter H. Carter and Mr. J. Bagby. The result being in favor of the Rev. H. V. Plummer, but that gentleman having the success of the Church at heart. He heartily thanks his friends and give the benefit of the voting to the Church. If the Mount Carmel Church will have more such Tolines committee, she will soon be out of debt.

THE BEE LIBEL.

THE COWARDLY INDEPENDENT.

THE PURVIS-CHASE LIBEL CASE.—The charge of criminal libel, brought by Dr. Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia, against Mr. Wm. C. Chase, a colored journalist, as mentioned in the *The Star* of last Saturday, was called for trial in the Police Court to-day. Messrs. Hewlett and Moss appeared for the defendant, and asked for a continuance until next Wednesday; which was granted. The defendant gave his personal bonds, in the sum of \$500, for his appearance Monday.—*Star*.

A WARRANT FOR LIBEL—DR. PURVIS' CHARGES AGAINST W. C. CHASE.

Dr. Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia, this afternoon swore out a warrant at the Police Court, for criminal libel, against William C. Chase, a colored journalist of this city. The warrant charges that Wm. C. Chase maliciously intended to vilify and defame the complainant, and to bring him into public scandal and disgrace, &c., composed and published in a newspaper called the "The Bee," a defamatory libel concerning the complainant, containing among other things the libelous statement: "Robert Purvis, who has pretended to be a friend of the colored race and the Republican party, has proved to be the enemy of the race and the party for self-aggrandizement. Have we said anything that meets the disapproval of honest men? When we see men like Robert Purvis, who have heretofore been paid \$3,000 per annum out of the deposits of poor negro earnings, and then attempts to mislead the race because he fails to obtain office it is ungrateful. He is not fit to lead. Ingratitude is stronger than traitor arms. He circulates the following circular in ex-Secretary Robeson district in the interest of a Democrat, a negro hater; colored men read and think. Put this in your pocket, and take it home. The introductory of the circular is as follows, &c."—*Saturday Star*.

THE PURVIS-CHASE LIBEL CASE.—Wm. C. Chase, the colored journalist, against whom Dr. Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia, swore out a warrant for criminal libel at the Police Court Saturday, was called for trial in the Police Court to-day. Messrs. Hewlett and Moss appeared for the defendant, and Mr. Charles S. Moore for the government. The alleged libel consisted in the publication in *The Bee*, by the defendant, of an article which stated that the complainant pretended to be a friend of the colored race and Republican party, &c., and received \$3,000 per annum out of poor negro earnings, and circulated a circular for Democrats, who were negro haters, &c. The prosecution put in a copy of *The Bee*, which contained the article complained of, and offered no other testimony. The defense claimed that there was no libel in the article, and Judge Snell said the question was one for a jury, and the only thing left for him to do was to send the case to the grand jury, which was done, and the defendant gave \$500 bonds for his appearance before the grand jury. Mr. W. D. Chapman went on the bond of Mr. Chase.—*Wednesday's Star*.

A LIBEL SUIT.—William C. Chase, the editor of the Washington *Bee*, was before the Police Court to-day, represented by Hewlett and Smith, to answer the charge of libel brought against him by Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia.

The counsel for the defense said that they did not dispute the facts in the case, and rested their case on the truth of the statements made and on the fact that they did not regard the published article as libelous.

The defense then entered a demurrer to the information on the ground that it was frivolous, and on its face did not constitute libel.

Judge Snell overruled the demurrer and held the defendant for the Grand Jury in \$500 bonds, which were furnished by Wallace D. Chapman.—*Wednesday Critic*.

The charge of criminal libel, brought by Dr. Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia, against Mr. William C. Chase, a colored journalist, as mentioned in *The Republican*, was called for trial in the Police Court yesterday. Messrs. Hewlett and Moss appeared for the defendant, and asked for a continuance until next Wednesday, which was granted. The defendant gave his personal bonds in the sum of \$500 for his appearance.—*Tuesday's Republican*.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

INTERESTING NEWS FROM PHILADELPHIA.
[From our Special Correspondent.]

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 3.—A few weeks ago we were treated to the spoliation of our cemeteries, the past week we have something of a different character. A case of baby farming, an establishment has been unearthed in this city, whose ostensible purpose was to take care of three little unfortunate beings, either by drugging them or else stifling them, so that they would not trouble their unfortunate mothers. The party undertaking to do the work receiving from \$3 to \$5 per child. It is said that from 200 to 300 die in there farms yearly under this system. This establishment was run by a woman who took the waifs of all classes, colors and conditions, and asked no questions of their willow mothers.

The political field is quiet, though the municipal election is but a few weeks off, nothing is being done in the way of big meetings, the Centurions, Reformers, Democrats and Republicans all seeming to be resting on their oars. An effort is being made to shelve J. W. Jones, the only colored candidate on the school ticket; there are thirteen schools; the board of control consists of thirteen members, making each a chairman of one of these schools; there is but one colored school

in the ward. The O. V. Catholic school Miss LeCount, Principal, of which Col. Jacob Purnell is Chairman, all of the other schools are white, and it would never do to have the chairman of one of these schools a colored man, they will let Mr. Jones run and then quietly beat him by Republican votes. Our reform Governor has had a quiet set back in the rejecting of his nominees for the various city offices; both factions of Republicans have united and present an undivided front, so it is impossible for Pattison to get any of his nominees confirmed.

The concert of the Philadelphia Band was a decided success. Musical Fund Hall was literally packed at 8, the band made their appearance on the stage and was heartily applauded by the audience. Their first piece, the "Dionian," was rendered with great impressiveness. A solo by John H. Clifton, Esq., was well rendered; a cornet solo "the Washington Guards Polka," by F. Page, Esq., was rapturously encored. The solo by Messrs. A. Brown and F. J. Anderson, who acquitted themselves in a masterly manner. The entire program gave every proof that the members of the band had studied well their parts, and to much praise cannot be given to their leader Professor Oliver and Professor Frank J. R. Jones, their instructor. After the concert the floor was cleared for those who indulge in the mazy dance, under the management of Professor James Augustus.

Post 80, G. A. R., had a good turn out on Tuesday night to muster in a comrade, this post is one of the most flourishing in our midst. A large audience was present at the Bethel Literary on Tuesday night, the program, an address by Mrs. F. W. Harper, Rev. T. D. Miller, of Cherry Street Baptist Church, has left for Richmond, where he is to fill the pulpit of the First and Brown Street Baptist Churches. On Tuesday he is to unite the Rev. H. H. Mitchell to one of Richmond's belles, on next Sunday I believe he is to hold forth in the 19th Street Church, in your city. The Private Waters Reception bids fair to be a fine affair on the 8th. R. H. Herbert, of Trenton, paid us a flying visit on Tuesday. John H. Durham will in a few months graduate from the University of Pennsylvania, as a civil engineer. OCCASIONAL.

THE CAPITAL CITY GUARD.

Mr. Editor: That your readers may know the true state of affairs as regards this popular military organization, I desire as briefly as possible, to lay before them the present status of this company, now known as Co. "B."

In November last the constitution of the organization was so amended as to provide for a civil government of the same, and providing for a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer. These officers were elected and installed to serve one year. They entered upon their duties, and are still in the exercise of their several functions. In the meantime, in consequence of the numbers of the organization increasing, the companies were formed, and the sets of Captains and Lieutenants elected to serve until displaced by a court martial.

To change the organization, so as to give the senior Captain the powers he formerly had of presiding, it would have been necessary, under the constitution, for some members who voted for the civil government, to have moved a reconsideration at the same meeting, or at the next regular meeting of the constitution, the officers elected in November, are still the officers of the Capital City Guards. Now, what has been done? Captain Kelly, desiring to not only govern his own Company "A," sought to override the wishes of the company and run the entire organization. He called a meeting of his company, and proceeded to have all that had been done in November set aside. Nine of his members got themselves incorporated as the Capital City Guard, and seized all the property they could lay their hands upon, and up to now have secreted somewhere the shakos that belong to the whole organization. This state of affairs have been brought about solely by Captain T. S. Kelly, of Co. "A" and a few of the members of his company, many of whom, like himself seldom, if ever, pay any dues into the treasury. None of the legitimate officers have gone with him, and whenever a hearing is had by the proper authorities, it will be easily shown that the act of incorporation is a fraud on the majority of the company who were not consulted in the matter. The meeting was not authorized by any officer of the company having power to call a meeting. By their action they have placed themselves outside of the legitimate organization, and all appeals to the public in the name of the Capital City Guard, made by them, is a fraud on the organization, bearing that name for nearly three years. It is hoped for the good of the fair name of the Capital City Guard, that those who have thus acted will remain away, and not succeed in begging their way back again. They have discovered their error, and dare not parade with their ill-gotten shakos, notwithstanding they are incorporated. The class of entertainments they invite you to now, are such that they are ashamed to use their incorporated name on the invitations.

The noble band of ladies who have done more towards equipping their whole organization than the organization itself are still in the field, and in hearty accord with Company "B" the true representatives of the old C. C. G.

The kindest feeling now exist between the Cadets and Company "B," and no more offensive epithets are now made by the Captain of one company against the men of the other. In fact the rotten timbers are out of the ship, and there is an indication of smooth sailing hereafter with Captain Gray, the gentlemen and soldier, on deck.

OLD GUARD.

A DEMOCRAT is a Democrat, and where you try to make him anything else you do the cause wrong. Mr. Patterson, of Pennsylvania, whom some colored men recently assisted to the office of Governor by their votes has the same opinion of those and all other negroes that are true Democrats have, and that is that this is a white man's Government, and no negroes ought to be allowed any part or parcel in its functions, except as menials and so on down.

BURIED ALIVE.

A custom of the Ancients—Three Times Dead, Three Times Buried and Three Times Raised from the Dead—Strange Stories of Resuscitation.

Notwithstanding all the precautions of science, there is little doubt that occasionally people are supposed to be dead when they are not, and buried alive. A case took place recently in New York in which the body of a young man showed so few signs of dissolution after his supposed decease that the relatives kept the corpse above ground for a much longer period than is usual.

The surest and almost infallible sign of death is decomposition. In all cases where the ordinary and indisputable signs of death do not occur within twenty-four hours after the apparent death of a person, a physician should be called in to examine the body.

The sense of hearing is supposed to survive the other faculties and to continue when the vital functions are suspended and appear to be annihilated. It was for this reason that the ancients called the deceased by his name in a loud voice for eight successive days. On the ninth he was buried, or, as they phrased it, "called for the last time." Ancient history teems with cases of people supposed to be dead recovering on the funeral pyre only to be burned alive, so that cremation has its terrors as well as our murderous practice of placing a body upon ice the moment life is supposed to be extinct.

Many strange and well-authenticated tales are told of people coming to life—as it is called—though they have not been dead, under the dissecting knife, but no physician seems to have suffered so hard a fate as did Vessalius. He was a celebrated anatomist, and chief physician to Philip II. of Spain. A Spanish gentleman whom Vessalius was treating died, and the anatomist obtained permission of his friends to open his body. As soon as he applied the knife to the thorax, to his astonishment and horror, he saw the heart palpitating. Instead of keeping the matter secret, he informed the gentleman's friends of the horrible incident. Instead of acquitting him of intentional killing, they prosecuted him for murder. He was tried before the inquisition and condemned to suffer as a murderer. By the intercession of the Spanish king he was pardoned on condition that he should expiate his crime by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. On the death of Fallapius, the senate of Venice invited him to succeed the great anatomist. He embarked. On the return voyage he was shipwrecked and cast upon an uninhabited island, where he perished of hunger.

The story of a lady who died apparently, and was buried, but recovered by a thief who got into the vault to cut a ring off her finger, causing the blood to flow, is told of as occurring in almost every country where ladies are buried with valuable rings.

The most extraordinary series of resuscitations occurred to one Francis de Cville, who is said to have been three times dead, three times buried and three times raised from the dead. Cville's mother just died before he was born. She was buried. The day after the interment her husband, who had been absent, returned, and ordered his wife to be raised from the grave. An incision was made in the side and when twenty-six years of age, Ronen, his native city, was besieged by Charles IX., and Cville commanded a company of one hundred men. In an attack by the enemy he was wounded, and falling from a rampart into a ditch below it, he was stripped, thrown into a grave and a few shovelfuls of earth thrown upon him. Here he remained from 11 in the morning till 6 in the evening, when a faithful domestic dug him up. Perceiving some signs of life he applied restoratives, but without success, until the end of five days, when he recovered.

The town being taken, some soldiers of the victorious army came to lodge where Cville lay helpless. They drew Cville out of a window nearly dead. He fell on a pile of rubbish, which saved him from broken bones. He lay there three days and nights, when he was found by some friends, who restored him to life, for the third time.

People who suffer from catalepsy, that strange malady which so resembles death, are very liable to be buried alive if they fall into the hands of ignorant people. Catalepsy is a disease so rare that little is known of it, even in our day. Epilepsy slightly resembles it. All affections that cause people to fall as if dead are grouped together by old-time writers as "lethargies." Here is a specimen: "A laboring man of Coureelles fell into so deep a lethargy that every one supposed him dead, but as they were putting him into the grave without the usual appendage of a coffin, perceiving some motion in the shoulders they carried him home again, where he perfectly recovered. This incident caused him ever afterward to be called 'the ghost of Coureelles.'"

Medical authorities are of the opinion that when death results from drowning it is almost always possible to restore the person to life. There are cases on record where a woman remained three days under water and a man seven weeks, yet both were brought to life. Physicians are of opinion that death by lightning is about the only cause of death where recovery is impossible.

Hail.

The formation of hail is begun at an elevation exceeding sixteen thousand feet, in middle latitudes, where the temperature is considerably below that of melting ice, and the icy particles in falling join together, forming larger ones, and thus the greatest size is attained below the height of four thousand feet. In the formation of hail two currents of air invariably have a place.

Previous to the fall of hail the air is hot and highly charged with moisture. A cold current, rushing in, displaces it and rapidly forces it upward to a great elevation, where it becomes chilled and the vapor condensed. There are thus two clouds intermingling, as it were, the one consisting of vapor condensed into water, with a temperature near thirty-two degrees, and in the other the snow is precipitated in the form of snow, with a temperature, it may be as low as twenty degrees. In front of the hail-cloud the air is whirled rapidly around a horizontal axis, causing the snow to collect in small balls which, becoming forced into the ad-

joining warmer water-cloud, is coated with water at the freezing point, which becomes congealed by the cold of the snow nucleus; and still the whirling motion continues, and the rapidly-forming hail is whirled through the snow-cloud and water cloud alternately with amazing rapidity, and layer after layer of soft snow, and transparent ice are added, until, in a few minutes, a ball is formed, perhaps as large as three or four inches in diameter. All the time the clouds have been filling rapidly and are at an elevation of about four thousand feet when the hail escapes from the vortex and falls to the earth.

The hail in falling makes a peculiar cracking noise, which is heard by those below some seconds before it reaches them.

From the nature of its formation, the fall of hail must be of short duration, and generally lasts but from four to ten minutes, and very rarely continues for as long as fifteen or twenty minutes. It falls only at the beginning or during the continuance of a rain storm, which has a much larger area than is covered by the fall of hail.

Hailstones usually average from one-third to one-sixth of an inch in diameter, but have reached to upward of four inches. On May 7, 1822, hailstones weighing from twelve to thirteen ounces fell at Bonn, in Germany; on May 22, 1851, some the size of oranges fell in Southern India; on August 13, the same year, hailstones fell in New Hampshire weighing eighteen ounces, which, if solid ice, would make a sphere with a diameter of four inches and a circumference of twelve and a-half inches—some of these exceeded sixteen inches. In this storm the average depth of hail was four inches. This was exceeded by a storm which passed over the Orkneys, at the north of Scotland, on July 24, 1818, depositing hail to the depth of nine inches, which, however, does not bear comparison with one that deposited sixteen inches of ice in the streets of Mexico on August 17, 1836.

Slaughter of Game in the West.

We were very much gratified in a recent conversation with Hon. Schuyler Crosby, the newly-appointed governor of the Territory of Montana, to find that his thoughts were much occupied with the question of the indiscriminate and brutal slaughter of game in the far West. Governor Crosby is imbued with the feelings of a true sportsman on this subject, and we are confident that he will do all he can, in the position he assumed at the beginning of this year, to reform this abuse, especially in the great Yellowstone park, which borders on Montana. It is related on good authority that one party of hunters recently killed no less than five thousand elk in this valley, and the only object was to secure the antlers, the carcases being left to rot, where they fell, and it is evident that such wholesale destruction as this will speedily depopulate the paradise of Nimrod, to say nothing of the barbarity of such practices. There is, at present, no adequate legislation on the subject, and an entire absence of force to carry out what insufficient legislation there may be. The question is, however, engaging the attention of prominent Senators and Congressmen, in particular the members of the territorial committees, and, as far as has been ascertained, they are in sympathy with the protection of game. There are in Yellowstone park about eight thousand square miles, and it has been urged that this domain be made one vast preserve, the killing of game therein being either positively prohibited or so restricted that it will be done only in a sportsmanlike way. With animals, finding that they are unmolested in this region, would naturally take refuge there, and propagate, and the locality would become in even a greater degree than now, the wonder of the world as a hunting-ground, where the sports of the chase should be permitted. We trust that Congress will act wisely in this matter.—*Wilkes Spirit of the Times*.

Polish Hospitality.

The Poles are extraordinarily hospitable—they entertain without grudge. At every table in the large houses some extra places are laid ready for unexpected guests—as they say, "for the traveler that comes over the sea." It is possible, in Poland, to go uninvited to visit your friend, taking your children, your servants and horses, and to stay five or six weeks without receiving a hint to go. The Poles are fond of gayety, of amusement, of society; they love pleasure in all its bright and charming forms. The country houses are constantly full of visitors, and in winter there is often the "Kulig," a gathering which increases as it goes from house to house. It is taken from a peasant custom, and the nobles when they get up a "Kulig" wear the peasant costumes, very beautifully made. They go over the snow in sledges from house to house, dancing for two or three days at one, and then going on to another, taking the people of the house with them. As a last there are perhaps twenty sledges all full of people, dressed in bright colors and singing the songs of the "Kulig." At every house they dance the characteristic dances of the occasion; the krakowiak, the mazur and oberek. The first is a very pretty and peculiar dance, in which the partners continually turn away from each other and then come face to face; the mazur is something like the quadrille, though it is by no means the same; the oberek resembles a waltz danced the reverse way, and with a very characteristic figure, in which the man kneels on knee and kisses his partner's hand. These are all